UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

THE NEW FRONT

The occupancy of North Africa by the United States, and the accompanying return of large French forces to the camp of the United Nations, is an occurrence of momentous significance. At home and throughout the world this event has restored confidence in the might of America. We must now use this situation to enhance world opinion of our sense of right. We shall be judged in the hearts of the lovers of liberty today and in the pages of history tomorrow by the wisdom and the justice with which we wield our newly demonstrated power. The right of our might will be attested by the throwing open of prison gates in occupied territory so that friends of liberty can again walk as free men; by the backing and the guaranties we give to leaders of French opinion who have proved their loyalty to democratic ideals; and by our championing of the aspirations of the inhabitants of the vast territory under our control. We have made a militarily significant and dramatic entrance upon the shores of a great continent. Our stay there must be no less politically significant and dramatic in terms of integrity maintained and liberties established. Proudly and triumphantly waves our flag on another front of this global war; so may it wave on all fronts for the freedom of the world!

Curtis W. Reese.

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Win the Peace League

The "Win the Peace Now" League is a non-partisan, interdenominational educational organization of patriotic citizens working to secure the earliest possible statement of just peace terms. A just and enduring peace will not "just happen." The issues involved must be studied and discussed by the American people. Unless an enlightened public opinion is aroused, we will lose the peace and pave the way for World War III.

This committee urges the citizens of the United States to use their influence with their elected representatives in Congress, and with the President of the United States, to *hasten the securing of a PEOPLE'S PEACE:*

1. By the immediate statement of clear and definite guaranties of a just peace;
2. By attempting to secure from the governments of the Allied Nations definite assurances that they will unconditionally guarantee the four freedoms to all peoples now subject to their governments, and to the peoples of the totalitarian nations at the close of hostilities; and
3. By withholding assistance from any nation refusing to thus implement the policies avowed in President Roosevelt's statement of the Four Freedoms.

Furthermore we urge churches, colleges, labor organizations, consumers, business, farm, and women's groups to hold conferences, schedule public addresses by leaders who know European and Far Eastern problems, to organize study groups, and to be prepared to support the political leaders who have in the past worked intelligently for the peace of the world and who are now giving attention to the securing of a just and lasting peace—leaders who will help to *WIN THE PEACE NOW!*

It is not the desire of this committee to "write the peace" or to specify in detail the terms of a peace that will represent international justice and the rights of all people. However, there are certain broad, general principles which outstanding students of international problems agree must be considered in the making of a just and lasting peace.

We would call attention particularly to the Statement of Peace Aims formulated by the Commission to Study the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace, of the Federal Council of Churches. Our *Bulletin Number 1* cites pertinent statements from the report of this Commission of the Federal Council of Churches, and from the statements of other outstanding agencies—Americans who have given thought to the study of the basis for an enduring peace. Later *Bulletins* will be devoted to bibliographies on the subject, and to the quoted statements of political, educational, and religious leaders. These will be sent to all who indicate an interest by signing an *Enlistment Blank.* For further information write:

"WIN THE PEACE" LEAGUE
1 West Main St., Madison, Wis.

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXVIII DECEMBER, 1942 No. 10

Editorial Comments

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I

It was a year ago, on the seventh day of this month, that the war between this country and Japan began. Twelve weary months have followed, and Hanson W. Baldwin, military expert of the New York *Times,* reports that "Japanese dominion of most of the Western Pacific and much of Eastern Asia has not yet been seriously challenged." Before the war we had supreme contempt for Japan. It was this which lulled into slumber the watchers at Pearl Harbor. Even that disaster did not shake over-much our feeling of superiority, for the attack was a dastardly deed which offered no fair measure of combatant strength and skill. It was what followed at Pearl Harbor which dispelled illusion and taught us what a foe we are confronting. For in a period of six months the Japanese forces swept through the Philippines, Malaya, Burma, Singapore, and the islands of the South Seas, like a hurricane through a canebrake, and have since lost only their foothold in the Solomons. Now we know that we are facing a tough, relentless enemy, "a very dangerous and worthy foe," and are engaged in a "no-quarter" war which may continue for a long period. The purpose and resolve of America is to win the war, but an informed observer such as Mr. Baldwin dares not affirm more than that we have started an offensive campaign at Guadalcanal "that may some day lead to the gates of Tokio." *"May some day"!*—what does that mean? An uncertainty as to the outcome, or an indefinite postponement of victory? Mr. Baldwin would deny it, and no man can assert it. But what is plain is that the opening of the second year of this far-flung conflict offers no easy and pleasant prospect. The road ahead is long, tortuous, bloody, and its end is not yet visible to mortal eye. How little we knew what had really happened to us a year ago! But this year has not been in vain if it has taught us at last reality. Modern war is beyond all calculation. Its horrors cannot be measured. Its developments cannot be foreseen. Its ends cannot be determined. It is an indecent gamble—"Idiot's Delight," as Robert Sherwood called it in his famous play—with the spiritual forces of courage, sacrifice, and heroic endurance reduced in relation to sheer brute force to the lowest minimum ever known in human history. There was a time when Achilles met Hector, and Leonidas and his Three Hundred the Persians, and the Old Guard the Grenadiers, and the best men won. But now it is tanks and bombs and flaming gas, with the whole struggle returned to the dragons and monsters of the primeval slime. Manhood still counts, but machines, with all their horror, are in the ascendancy. They still count, but never before for so little. Hence an anniversary which steels the heart, yet weighs it down with woe.

II

Things I like about America today! (1) A political campaign in the midst of a war, resulting in a smashing blow at the administration. I find no satisfaction in a Republican Victory as such, especially when it results in the defeat of such a man as Senator Norris, but infinite satisfaction in the free working of the democratic process in wartime. This last election shows how far the government is removed from the Fascism forecast by the Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Daily News;* and the voting shows how independent a people may be of governmental influences. The whole thing, regardless of the exact political outcome, was healthy. (2) A country at war without hysteria, panic, or terrorism. Remarkable is it that after a year of fighting which has not been going any too well, the people should show not the slightest trace of fear. Still more remarkable is it that, in the face of enemies both powerful and cruel, the people should give way to no bitterness or hate of any kind. Every attempt to arouse the nation to a passion of vengeance abroad and intolerance at home has failed. Some persons call the temper of the people indifference or complacency. It is nothing of the sort! The people of this country are self-controlled, that's all. They are serious, sober, earnest, and determined that this war shall not be disgraced by the vicious persecutions which disgraced the last war and lost in the end the peace. (3)

Wendell Willkie standing up before the bench of the Supreme Court, and pleading the cause of a communist client. Mr. Willkie, we are told, took no fee for this service—he was moved simply by conviction of a great wrong done to a humble citizen with whose views he had not the slightest sympathy. This is an act which puts to shame the totalitarian tyrannies of Germany and Russia alike. (4) Vice-President Wallace talking about "the century of the common man," and pleading for a new economic democracy to match the old political democracy. Statesmen in this country are scarce, but Henry Wallace is one in the great tradition. (5) The continued recognition by the government of conscientious objectors to war, its use of the parole system to keep them out of prison, and its real concern to find forms of "detached service" which may give the C.O.'s worthy and worth-while occupation. And one thing I *don't* like today! The disgraceful Senate filibuster against the poll-tax legislation. This is democracy at its worst.

III

It is impressive to note the insistent way in which English pacifists carry their views into political elections. Candidates run for Parliament on out-and-out pacifist platforms, demanding among other things the immediate cessation of the war. So far as I know not a single Congressional candidate in this last election in America took any other position than that of full prosecution of the war to the bitter end. I wonder what would have happened if any pacifist candidate had sought election to Congress on the plea that the war should stop now! What happens in England we know. The pacifist candidate conducts a vigorous campaign, addresses numerous out-of-door meetings, and is listened to not only with tolerance but with respect. The latest instance of which I have heard is that reported in the *Christian Pacifist* for September last (page 167). The Reverend Patrick Figgis, who has for some time been in charge of youth work at Kingsley Hall, Muriel Lester's settlement house in the London East End, contested a by-election in the South Poplar division as a Christian Socialist. One of the main planks in his platform was pacifism. Mr. Figgis' "adoption meeting," as it is called in England, was held at Trinity Congregational Church, with the Reverend Alan Balding in the chair. The Peace Union supported the candidate, and members of that body and of the Fellowship of Reconciliation helped in the conduct of the campaign. The *Christian Pacifist* reports that Mr. Figgis "met with little opposition and a great deal of interest in, if not agreement with, his proposals." The poll was small, owing to evacuation and an out-dated electoral roll, and resulted in a vote of 3,375 votes for the Labor candidate, and 541 for the pacifist candidate. This, as I reckon it, is one vote out of every six or seven. Call it seven! On this average throughout the nation, there must be close to a million voters in England who are ready to vote for a candidate who will enter Parliament and work unceasingly for peace. If a similar vote were taken in Germany, I believe it would amount to many millions. If a similar vote were taken in Italy, I am sure it would swamp the polls. All of which means that there are people everywhere, in all countries, who are praying for peace. With such sentiment abroad, and bound to grow by leaps and bounds, as the war deepens and extends in horror, is there nothing to be done but just to fight it through? Is statemanship bankrupt, or the world given over utterly to barbarism, that no better way can yet be found? I cannot believe it, and so hope on as England sends us cheer.

IV

What part is liquor playing in this war? I don't know, and wish I did. Hitler's armies, we are told, are sober. So are Russia's. The Soviet Republic, says Maurice Hindus, in a dispatch from Moscow in the New York *Herald-Tribune,* is practically on a prohibition basis. France, on the contrary, was sodden with booze at the time of the debâcle. President Cutten, of Colgate University, in his famous address before the Northern Baptist Convention, quoted Marshall Petain's testimony that "our soldiers were drunk and could not fight," and the official government verdict in France that "alcohol was the chief cause of the French armies' collapse." England has long been a whiskey drinking nation, and has carried the custom around the world. Thus, Hendrik Van Loon writes that Singapore, before its capture by the Japanese, maintained "a set of bar-rooms the splendor of which [was] famous all over the Orient." I think I never read a story or newspaper account of English life in the Far East which did not refer to excessive potions of whiskey and soda. Testimony about the drinking habits of English soldiers today is conflicting. They have always in the past been bad. But the British Information Bureau now states that the cost of liquors in the British Isles is so high that the men are turning to soft drinks. In America, of course, the liquor situation is serious, and inevitably involves the Army. Thus, the American people are today paying no less than $5,000,000,000 a year for alcoholic beverages. Dr. H. M. Pollock, of the New York State Department of Health, estimates the economic loss to the nation of those arrested for intoxication at another $5,000,000,000 annually. What about the cost to the Army? Well, listen to General George G. Marshall, Chief-of-Staff, who ought to know something about it. Over a year ago he called upon the American people to coöperate in suppressing the liquor traffic which, he said, was threatening to undermine the integrity of our young army. Said the General—"Establishments for selling liquor are becoming increasingly active in the com-

munities adjacent to the camps. . . . Here we have on the one side a sodden business for the accumulation of money, and on the other the interest of every parent who has a son in the Army." And the interest of the nation, to survive in this great struggle! Says the American Business Men's Research Foundation, "Liquor has defeated more men, more armies, more nations, than any other cause." How long are we going to tolerate this "sordid business"? And who's responsible?

V

Is it a good or a bad sign that General Wavell, commander of the United Nations forces in India, was able to write and publish in the New York *Times* two articles on the great military geniuses of history? Is this man repeating the lamentable experiences of the English officers in Burma who refused to recognize danger until it was actually upon them? Or is this man so conscious of the strength of his position, and of his own mastery of his resources, that he can serenely take a busman's holiday? Whatever the facts in this regard, his articles were certainly interesting—at least to me, who am never quite so happy as when weighing the claims of great men to greatness! General Wavell names six soldiers as supreme —first, Marlborough, second, Belisarius, the famous commander of the Byzantine Emperor Justinian, then Wellington, Frederick the Great, Robert E. Lee, and Napoleon Bonaparte. In selecting these leaders, General Wavell had to reject such conquerors, as Epaminondas, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Oliver Cromwell, and Marshall Foch. Belisarius is perhaps the great surprise, but Wavell makes out a brilliant case for this latter-day Roman. He seems to have been the master of all the military arts. Another surprise is the ranking of Napoleon at the bottom instead of at the top of the list. He was too much in the class of Alexander and Caesar who won sweeping victories over unworthy opponents. But Wavell also insists that, while Napoleon was a consummate strategist, he was a poor tactician. Marlborough, of course, must be rated as second to none. This great Englishman clashed with the mightiest military power of Europe, and met able opponents, but never lost a battle. Robert E. Lee, incomparably the greatest American soldier, may rank easily with the best in any land or age. If he had any fault, says Wavell, it was a lack of ruthlessness, a certain patience and pity, which made him something less than stern with his subordinates and cruel toward the enemy. Wellington is usually underestimated, perhaps because of his contrast with his far more brilliant, if less solid, antagonist. I was mindful, as I read these articles, of Tolstoi's theory, set forth elaborately in his *War and Peace,* that there are no great soldiers—that battles are wholly matters of chance and accident—that a commander on the field seldom knows what is going on—that in every war forces are loose over which even the ablest men have little or no control. To read *War and Peace* is to be completely disillusioned as to war's being anything even remotely resembling an art or a science. It appears as nothing more nor less than blind and stupid butchery. From this standpoint, Napoleon and all his compeers come forth as pygmies.

VI

The refusal of the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System to sell time on their stations to the Cooperative League of the U.S.A. is a serious extension of the principle of censorship, and involves on the one hand the fundamental civil rights of citizens, and on the other hand the whole method of broadcasting in this country as a private in contrast to a public interest. It seems amazing, and also amusing, that these two companies should not have agreed upon the reasons for their action, for both operate under the same laws and are subject to the same controls. The Columbia Broadcasting System explained politely that they could not sell time to the Cooperative League "because of C.B.S.'s long-established policy not to sell time for programs devoted to public controversial issues." The National Broadcasting Company did not seem to be troubled by controversy, which after all is not exactly alien to American life. It was rather concerned with the alleged fact that the primary purpose of the League in going on the air was "to promote new memberships. N.B.C. has had a very long established regulation that prohibits the acceptance . . . . of any planned campaign that solicits or promotes membership drives." It is obvious from these statements that the broadcasting companies were looking not for reasons but for excuses, and that they found what they were after. And it is not difficult to find the real motive at work—"a fight [by] the companies," to quote the *New Republic,* "on behalf of their advertisers"! The cooperative movement is one of the hopes of the world. The Cooperative League represents between 6,000,000 and 8,000,000 families banded together "to secure essential goods and services of sound quality and at reasonable cost." It is democracy at work in a time when democracy is fighting for its life. Hence is the *Progressive* right when it declares that "the ruling of the two companies is a shocking commentary on the democratic aims and ideals of this country." It is good to know that this matter is under investigation by the Federal Communications Commission, and has been brought before the Senate by no less a man than Senator Norris. Meanwhile, in this as in so many other radio matters, there remains the fundamental issue of a private monopoly owning and operating a public interest for the sake of private profits. I am convinced now, as I have been convinced for years, that we will never get anywhere with these abuses until we adopt the English system of broadcasting.

Jottings

Advice to Ministers! It is far, far better for a minister to resign than for a congregation to become resigned.

The word "violence" comes from the same root as "violate" and "violation." When we use violence we are violating something. The sanctity of man, or perhaps the holiness of God!

Adolf Hitler says that he must free the Russian people "from the pressure of the Bolshevist power, which, as far as their souls are concerned, still keeps millions of humans in a state of fear which in Germany we can hardly picture. It is the fear of the commissar. It is the fear of the G.P.U., of the entire régime that still rules these millions."

How touching thus to read of the freedom of the Germans from the "fear" which dominates the Russians! If Hitler can get away with this, he can get away with anything.

"The Liberal Church of Denver henceforth will end the Lord's Prayer with the words, 'Praise God, and pass the ammunition.' The official prayer was amended to include that sentence before the 'Amen.'"—*United Press Dispatch.*

As a violation of good taste this takes the cake. But worse!—it is a perfect illustration of the blasphemy which war visits upon religion.

The regulation English and Canadian postage stamps carry the picture of King George as a modest gentleman arrayed in a sack suit. The Indian postage stamp reveals him as a mighty potentate arrayed in robe and crown. Behold the difference between democracy and empire, and what "all the shootin' is about" in India!

It is when I look at pictures of the Nazi leaders—Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Himmler, and the rest—that I know that my pacifist convictions must be founded upon the eternal rock of principle. For if this were not so, the sight of these men would shake them to the ground.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Can We Win Peace?

EDWARD H. REDMAN

It is becoming fashionable today to discuss the war in terms of the peace which must eventually mark the end of the current bloodshed, bombings, reprisals, and counter-reprisals. While all of us should give much serious thought to the kind of peace we want to have, as well as to the real issues for which we are fighting, yet there has been little attention given to the question whether the peace we want will be the peace we shall actually get. Most people assume that we shall win the peace just by winning the war, and that a defeated Axis will guarantee the victory of humanity over barbarity.

The problem involved in obtaining an adequate peace is one of education concerning the causes of the war and of the internal tensions within the warring nations. If the American public can be successfully informed and made aware of the facts which until now have been possessed only by the few who have taken the pains to seek the necessary information, then there can be real hope of securing an adequate peace, without the obscurantist opposition of special privilege and demagogy. If the processes of public education are too slow and resistance to new ideas becomes too great, then there can be no adequate peace and an era of revolutionary strife will be ushered in, until at last, out of sheer exhaustion, the people will choose to accept whatever power is present—without courage, without principles, and without hope.

We can win the war with persistent and devoted effort, accompanied by tremendous sacrifices, such as we have never known before in our history, sacrifices which may be so great that our power as a nation may be forever destroyed. We can imagine and estimate our losses, and compare them with the losses of others. We know from experience what much smaller losses have meant to the world in consequence of the first World War. All of us shudder to think about these matters, and we dare not face them realistically. We all know that the cost will be great, and we all hope that it will not be in vain. More than this we cannot do.

To avoid the painful task of comparing probable losses with probable gains, most of us turn our attention away and give vent to our feelings by laying special blame upon our enemies, just as people have always done in time of war. Yet wars today are different from wars of the past. We are well aware that there must come an end not only to the present conflict, but to all warfare as such. We cannot afford to be content with hating our enemies, nor with the knowledge that they will be punished. Instead, we have the duty of finding out to what extent they are really to be blamed, and to what extent we, too, have been guilty. We must be willing to share and share alike in arranging a peace, when the time comes, and we must join in the negotiations with humility, knowing that we also are to be blamed.

We are to blame for many acts which we as a nation have committed in the past to advance our own national interests at the expense of our neighbors,—oftentimes because we did not know any better, usually without realizing the eventual consequences, and sometimes merely out of a sincere desire to be let alone. We are not at war today just because we were attacked at Pearl Harbor, nor just because Hitler became the scourge of

Europe, any more than we found ourselves at war in 1917 only because Germany was sinking ships with our people on board.

We are at war today, in company with our allies, because our government, realizing that the people of our country were not educated to the need, would not join with other nations of the world in carrying out a world government through the League of Nations. Right here is the seat of our own guilt, the guilt of default in meeting our just responsibilities. And because of that default on our part, we have lost even the possibility of ever establishing an enduring peace on the old grounds. We wanted much, but we were willing to give nothing in return. Only to sell for profit, but not to buy in return, was our spirit. If times were good for us, why should we worry about others, except, of course, to worry about that great threat held over us of a world in which the common man might win from his more prosperous superiors a larger share in the product of his work, a threat made vivid by the increasing progress of the people of Russia,—a people too perverse to know that progress is impossible without private profits! And Japan, what need we fear from her? How could she possibly become a danger to us just by selling us cheap trinkets and silk stockings for our emanicapted womenfolk? Japan would be our protector against the red scourge. She would appreciate our help. Then, too, the Hitler storm-troopers, getting pleasure from playing soldier, were entertaining, and since Hitler seemed so sincere in his bitterness against the red scourge, some of our people thought that it would be nice to help him along! Too late we discovered that in our desire for security and the preservation of our profits we had only created a monster, opposed not only to the red scourge which we feared, but also to us as well. In pursuing this course we failed to assist our friends at the same time that we were actually assisting those who were to become our enemies. China, Loyalist Spain, Ethiopia, and India wanted our help, needed our help, indeed deserved our help, but we passed them by blindly and without conscience. Such has been our recent history, and the blame lies not with our government, but with ourselves as citizens. Our sins of commission are great enough, but greatest of all have been our sins of omission, our failure to act when we should have acted for the welfare of our fellow men.

It is for this reason that many of the peoples among our allies doubt our sincerity when we announce that our aim is liberation. Too often have they seen us assist in the enslavement of others. Too long have they witnessed the ruthlessness with which we have dealt with our close neighbors to the southward, and our complete disregard for others when it has been more profitable to disregard them.

Truly we cannot undo the past. What has been done is done and we must suffer the consequences, but surely we have no right to believe in any moral superiority on our part, nor should we expect our allies to bow down before us until we have again won their respect and confidence. These are conditions which underlie the winning of a peace. We must face them honestly, and it is not alone the task of our leaders of either major party, but rather the task of each one of us as citizens.

Russia, China, and India, comprising nearly one half of the people on this globe, can agree, in fairly concrete terms, on what they seek, and the will of over one billion human beings cannot be lightly ignored by the remainder of the old line democracies who can boast less than one half that number. It should not be overlooked in passing that when the Axis is defeated, many of the conquered peoples will also find their hopes inseparably linked with those of the people of Russia, China, and India, and by one process or another will so align themselves as to swell the ranks of the common men marching toward freedom. We of the traditional democracies must find ourselves, of necessity, choosing between going our own precarious ways alone, or so modifying our ways of life that we may share in the century of the common man, which our Vice-President, Henry A. Wallace, envisioned in his speech of May 8th.

The Atlantic Charter, until now, has been our chief means of knowing the extent to which the United States and Britain are willing to pledge themselves for building the future. We know, too, that this Atlantic Charter does not go far enough, does not pledge enough, to satisfy the longing for freedom and for a realistic establishment of enduring peace so strongly held by Russia, China, and India. The Atlantic Charter can be read and understood broadly or narrowly, depending upon the intention of the interpreter. It is therefore inadequate as a guaranty of peace and freedom, even though it is a start in the right direction. Whether it can be taken seriously will depend upon the speed with which the people of India are given their freedom from British rule.

In the Atlantic Charter one finds in general statement of principle, a liberal document; but one may feel that it reflects a sentiment, fitting to the time that has passed, rather than for the days which lie ahead. Had its provisions been realized before this war began, then there might have been no war, but new conditions have come to pass. Will the Atlantic Charter be enough now? Can we ever restore successfully the world as it was, or have we gone so far beyond that even the attempt would be futile. Can we win the kind of peace which it proclaims and, if we can, is it worth winning, without winning more?

The Atlantic Charter might be enough of a peace for us and for Britain, indeed most of our people at present would still be hostile even toward its liberalism, but it is safe to assume that it is not good enough for our other allies, our allies who are not only helping us to win, but who have been until now fighting our battle for us. It is time for their will to take precedence over ours. Out of deference they have let us believe that the policies of the United Nations were being formulated in Washington, but the policies that really count have instead been decided upon in Kuibishev, in Chungking, and in New Delhi, by leaders who have won the confidence of their respective peoples, a billion strong, of several hundred national origins, but of single determination and purpose,—the liberation of the common man, the equality of opportunity, the just reward of labor, and a system of world government in which right and justice may operate through channels equally available to all, with all opportunity for violence, discrimination, and prejudice completely destroyed.

Can we win with Willkie the kind of peace our allies want? That depends upon the sincerity of our purpose, and upon our own moral earnestness. It also depends upon our complete awareness of the issues at stake. This is not only a war against traditional powers. It is also a revolution. The conditions which motivate and spur our enemies onward to their own destruction also

exist among us. If our aim extends no farther than that of inflicting military defeat and punishment upon those who have attacked us, and if we attempt to carry out a policy of restriction and quarantine against the vanquished, then we shall have lost the peace already, and will ourselves deserve the animosity and hatred of all other nations. As others have observed, but as we have not often appreciated, we are no more deserving of the role of master race, nor of moral judge of the world, than are the Axis nations.

If we want to win, we must make our common desires so clearly understood to our political leaders that there can be no possible mistake. As liberals we must take our stand for the kind of peace our allies will want, regardless of party, for the days are long past in which we can afford to accept the whims and aims of mere politicians. We need statesmen and not demagogues, sound policies and not politics, acts of wisdom rather than of convenience.

We may as well know that we shall need to give up many of the things we have cherished in the past in order to win the peace. We shall need to sacrifice the opportunities of private gain for the few in order to win broader opportunities for the many. That will be socialism, but we should not become alarmed, for the transition, under the necessities of war, has almost been completed. Some may have less than formerly, but none shall stand in need; and wider opportunities for all will only serve to make even those who were especially privileged before more nearly secure.

We shall have to give up our bigoted notions about the superiority of the white race over other races. We shall need to welcome the opportunity of working side by side with all nationalities and with all races, knowing that it will be to the advantage of all for each to serve in the capacity for which he is best fitted, and that all artificial barriers of prejudice will necessarily be shattered by the needs of all.

We shall need to conserve our resources and plan carefully that nothing be wasted, for the wealth of the earth belongs not to the conquerors of earth, not to those favored by ancient laws, but to all mankind.

We shall need to sacrifice the extravagance of a nationalism of privilege in favor of a nationalism of service, to benefit not ourselves alone, but all others also. Mere patriotism, in conflict with the patriotism of others, must become a patriotism founded upon the earnest desire to assist the development and growth of others.

Amid the scenes of such a change of heart and purpose, many of the current problems with which we are now afflicted will pass away. The strife of labor against employers, for example, will become the common striving of both to produce more abundantly and more efficiently.

We can win such a peace. Indeed we must win such a peace. We will win such a peace. Perhaps it will not come easily. There may be resistance on the part of conservative-minded and fascist-minded people. There may be obstruction of the progress toward it. But it will come. No other way is any longer possible. No longer is it a question of wishful idealism, or radical utopianism. It is now a practical necessity that we seek together a socialist world united under the single banner of peace and good will toward men. The one choice we now have before us is to coöperate or to die.

Wanted: A Vital Humanism

SYLVANUS M. DUVALL

Only within the last few years, and for many of us only since Pearl Harbor, have we appreciated the seriousness and depth of the social crisis, of which the war is only the most dramatic and catastrophic phase. In preparation for this, our religious leadership has obviously failed to give adequate social guidance. The insights of liberals and so-called Humanists have been no better than those of the orthodox; in fact, the orthodox emphasis upon the depravity of man has proved far sounder than the naive optimism of much liberalism. I shall not belabor this point further. Briefly stated our situation is this: In the present crisis our most important human and social values are in serious jeopardy. So far those who have prized them most highly have shown little understanding as to how these values arose, the forces which threaten them, or how they can most effectively be defended and extended. There is desperate need for those who cherish these human values to unite in a concerted attempt to discover the fundamental bases for these values, and what policies and programs of action will best promote them. The following are some of the more crucial issues with which a genuine Humanism would attempt seriously to deal.

1. *Coercion.*—Coercion is obviously often an instrument of oppression, an unnecessary substitute for the intelligent handling of our fellows; vicious and harmful in its results. On the other hand, it seems indispensable to restrain evil persons, to achieve certain necessary educational results, and to compel people to do at least a part of their share in common enterprises essential to the welfare of society. It is easy for those who wish to avoid the intellectual costs of intelligent decisions, either to decry its use under any circumstances or to use it when far less costly means would accomplish far better results. There is crying need for a real study of the whole issue, based upon careful psychological analyses and experimentation, to determine how much, and under what circumstances, coercion does more good than harm, who should exercise it, what other methods may be substituted for it, and what training programs seem indispensable prerequisites for such substitution.

2. *Democracy.*—It is amazing that, with all of the spilling of ink and tears about the subject, there has not yet appeared one really comprehensive treatment of this most crucial issue. Many speakers and writers treat it as some Little Lord Fauntleroy, and what a shame if anything happened to those beautiful curls! There is a most distressing tendency to identify democracy with some organizational form, such as parliamentary government, suffrage, civil liberties, or even discussion groups. Most discussions are weighted heavily on the political phases of the question, and few are aware of such little research as has been done at the

University of Iowa, for example, or even see democracy as a subject needing careful study and research, rather than as the fervid expression of opinion.

3. *The adjustment of conflict.*—It would be of great help if some really understanding scholar would give us a critical evaluation of the ethics of Jesus on this point. He should, of course, be a really competent sociologist, and not merely a New Testament man. There have been paeans of praise written and spoken on behalf of the principle of forgiveness to enemies and the cross as a means of redemption, and also occasional Nietzschean attacks on the whole ideal, but as yet there is no really intelligent evaluation. What is the social function of revenge, and under what stages of social development do its advantages outweigh its dangers and harms? We know that being slapped down often has highly educational results. Which of these are good, and which are evil, and can we get one without the other? Under what circumstances do the meek inherit the earth, and under what circumstances do they get it in the neck and encourage aggression? What norms and standards of hostilities and conflicts are to be expected of people, and what is to be regarded as "going too far"? If we win this war, what should we do about or to the Germans? Should we turn the Poles lose on them for a couple of months? Should we effect a compromise peace with the government which will probably "overthrow" and replace the Nazi regime as soon as defeat is real? Are we in the present war because we were too severe with the Germans before, or because we failed to go on to Berlin and teach them that aggression does not pay? To answer such questions we need, not heated or shocked discussion but careful study of actual social situations, and a considerable amount of experimentation.

4. *Social integration and disintegration.*—If society and social values are to survive, individuals must be willing to make sacrifices on their behalf. What prompts them to do so? What has inspired thousands of Hitler youth to go singing to certain death? Why are people more willing to die in a war than to tolerate necessary social and economic changes essential for the welfare of the nation in time of peace? What causes the obvious disintegration represented by most divorce and the unwillingness of the intellectual groups to have enough children to maintain their numbers? How can real estate interests be inspired to sacrifice on behalf of the common good and labor unions to increase production? How can we get the very real incentives of individualism without its exploitative results? What causes deadly bureaucracies, and how can we so train people as to avoid the strangulation of red tape?

These and similar questions are not to be answered intelligently by the wisdom of single individuals. It is not a matter of someone "writing a book," but rather of a cooperative and concerted attack upon common problems in which the wisdom and researches of many minds are pooled. In short, what is needed is a really Humanist Association. The basis of membership in such an organization would in no sense be the conclusions of its members toward theological propositions. A real Humanism would include Protesants, Catholics, Jews, liberals, fundamentalists, atheists, conservatives, Mormons, Christian Scientists, or what-nots, because they were human beings concerned with the welfare of their fellow men. Members would be encouraged to state their ethical insights in terms of their own traditions; of the teachings of Jesus; of the Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII; or of naturalistic philosophy and values.

The protests against this suggestion from those who do not really cherish human values but find it easier to "name the name" will doubtless be long and loud on both sides of the fence. The orthodox will protest that without faith in their theological systems, man loses the incentive and the capacity for righteousness. Those on the other end of the scale will likewise protest that the other-wordly concerns of the orthodox either divert their attentions from this mundane sphere, or so clutter up their thinking with theological nonsense as to render them incapable of intelligently handling real issues. The fact of the matter is, however, that theological and philosophical issues are usually bric-a-brac on the mantle pieces of life, which bear little relationship to the way in which most issues are handled. Confronted with a real issue, a broken-down car or a world at war, the fundamentalist approaches the problem essentially as does the naturalist. A broken water pipe or a delinquent boy will probably be handled quite as intelligently in a Catholic Church as in a Free Thinkers Association. It is true that the orthodox person who wishes to escape an intelligent handling of an issue will often use his orthodoxy as a rationalizing mechanism; just as the so-called Humanist in the same situation will assert that ultimate philosophical issues must be settled before we can be effective in dealing with actual problems. But in both cases the real difficulty lies with the individual, not with the theology which he does or does not have.

In a crisis as deep and far reaching as that which we now face, and which will become far more complex after the military phases have ceased, there is desperate need for intelligent spiritual leadership. This obviously cannot come from a group with which the vast majority of the human race would be unable to join or, at least, not feel at home because of their theological opinions. Our times call for a Humanism which is really humanistic, not only in name but in interests, objectives, and personnel, and whose major concern would be the development of further insights into the nature and bases of our most challenging human problems; a group in which the only test of membership, stated or implied, would be a deep and abiding concern for fundamental human values.

The Lost Child

Once more, the hallowed Christmastide
Must come upon a world denied
Its day of peace. The angel song,
Now silenced by insistent wrong,
Is lost in thunderings of night
Where smoke of battle dims the sight,
And shepherds watching flocks, alert,
Must flee to save themselves from hurt!

And yet the resolute and true
Shall live to build the world anew,
Shall live to see the righted wrong,
Shall live to hear the angel song
Proclaim the end of tyrant wrath,
While star-led Magi seek the path
To Bethlehem, and friendlier men
Shall find the long-lost Child again.

CHARLES GUSTAV GIRELIUS.

The Religion of the Japanese

R. LESTER MONDALE

When I read the various accounts of Japanese religion, how primitive it is, how superstitious, how childishly mythological, I find my mind reverting to those days of a year ago when we were being besieged with much the same sort of blithely irresponsible accounts of Japanese sea and land and air power. A year ago we were being besieged, as you recall, with fantastic statements from press, radio, and platform to the effect that Japan could be whipped in a matter of two weeks or so and that the time was ripe for us to do so. Since then we have had to revise our notions about the power and threat of the Japanese in the Pacific. Japan is no longer a joke. In fact some of us, including myself, when we think of the power that would be Japan's should she overcome the resistance of a half-hearted India and get control over her fabulous resources in men and materials, tremble at the likelihood of America's literally having to bleed herself white to prevent the consummation of the Japanese war lord's ugly boast of dictating the peace in Washington.

As we were irresponsibly misinformed on the power of Japan's military machine, so today are we being irresponsibly misinformed on the power of Japan's religion. Her religion is the very core and power of her daily living, of her national morale, of her military machine, of her government, and of the aims and ambitions of her government. And since this is the case we cannot be too hasty in brushing aside all the current frivolous notions about her religion and in getting down to the realities of the Japanese spirit with which we are now struggling and with which we undoubtedly shall continue to struggle for some time to come.

Japanese religion presents us with one of the most mystifying paradoxes of all history. Here on the one hand is an island nation which has amazed the world with her sudden adoption of European science and philosophy, her rapid industrialization and precipitous rise to the status of a world power. But here on the other hand is the fact that along with this scientific and mechanical progressiveness has gone in recent years what to our eyes at least has been a precipitous religious retrogression. What is even more mystifying about this paradox is the further fact that with each step of retrogression has come increased national unity, heightened national morale, and intensified nationalistic fervor.

To be more concrete about this paradox: Here, as Willard Price in his well-written book, *Children of the Rising Sun,* describes it, is the Japanese farmer, Machida, on his two-acre farm, high in the mountains, a hundred miles from Tokio. These two acres he inherited from his father who had three sons and six acres, two acres for each son. Machida has two sons and when he dies each of the sons will get an acre. Neither of the boys, however, can figure out how he can support a family on one acre. Machida has electric lights and a radio. He, with 99.6 per cent of his fellow countrymen, can read and write. He takes three daily papers, several magazines; and among his many books are writings of Julian Huxley and Sinclair Lewis. From a little plot of mulberry bushes Mrs. Machida gets the leaves to feed her silkworms, and from their silk she weaves underclothes and beautiful kimonos for the entire family. From the kiri, or shoe trees, growing nearby they make their shoes. The roof over their head is thatched with rice straw from their own field. The sliding doors or wall-panels that separate room from room in their house are made of paper they themselves press out of the pulp of the kozu tree growing nearby. From the walnut trees at their back door come the walnuts for the pantry; but the walnut trees are so trimmed that enough sunlight gets through to take care of the strawberry beds below. And nearby in the shade in several pools fed by a falling stream are different varieties of edible fish. Covering the tiny patches or terraces of ground below are closely planted sprigs of wheat, barley, cabbages, special long-rooted radishes that have a limburger aroma, carrots, bamboo shoots that grow a foot a day, beans, potatoes; fruit trees in every rocky nook—every plant, its leaves cleaned of insects by hand, looking "wax-like and as if put in position by a tweezer." From this soil, as fertile as it was a thousand years ago, Machida will get at least two and probably three or more crops this year. From this soil comes the fuel for the bath-house and bath that Machida, like all Japanese, must take morning and evening—a bath at 115° F., and one which does not merely moisten the dorsal regions but which comes neck high. In this bath Mrs. Machida used to sit and splash with her young children. Now, after the day's work is over, neighbor women come over occasionally, climb in with her, and exchange gossip. From his two acres comes enough profit for Mr. Machida to send his older son to agricultural school; to support himself, his wife, his daughter, his second son, and his wife's servant. From the two acres comes the breakfast served Willard Price—all seated in the early twilight of an April morning. The walls have been removed or slid back, and before them spreads the beautiful spring out-of-doors—the terraces below, the misty valley, and mountains in the distance. Sitting cross-legged on mats before the little ankle-high table they proceed with the meal: bean soup, rice with eel caught in their own rice field, omelet, sweet potatoes, lotus, bamboo, white radish, pickled chrysanthemum petals, and a tea made of cherry blossoms.

Early that same morning Price had been awakened by the clapping of hands. Looking up he saw through the darkness a glow of light in a corner of the next room—candles burning before the little Buddha-shrine with its gilded Buddha image, and Mr. Machida bowing, ceremonially raising the sheathed sword that his soldier son had carried in China and which was sent back to him on the son's death. This same sword he had carried in the Russo-Japanese War; and his grandfather, in a Sino-Japanese war. Then the words to Amida Buddha intoned in a high-pitched voice: "Namanda, namanda, namanda . . . namanda, namanda, namanda . . . namanda, namanda, namanda," (corruption of *Namu Amida Butsu*). The mere uttering of this prayer of faith each morning to Amida Buddha will take him when he dies to Amida's heaven—and this (with characteristic Japanese efficiency) is all that is required to get him and his family there—merely this prayer of faith. Morality is not involved in his get-

ting into this Japanese Buddhist heaven, for the Japanese, unlike the Hindu or Chinese or the Christians, are not naturally corrupt, so they say. From the beginning, as G. F. Moore states in his *History of Religions,* they have been good and pure and divine by nature, and therefore they do not have to worry about their sins! If Machida does do something that bothers his conscience he merely goes to the temple and buys a piece of white paper cut in the shape of a shirt. On this, says G. F. Moore, he writes his name, his sex, the year and date of his birth, rubs the paper over his entire body, breathes into it. This way he transfers his sins to the shirt. He then takes it back to the temple and places it on a table, over which the priests conduct a purification ceremony. Finally it is placed in a miniature boat which carries a load of shirts and sins down the river to the ocean. Mr. Machida's world swarms with much the same gods that swarmed the Roman world before the coming of Christianity—sooty gods of the kitchen, of the well, of the gateway, of the river, of the storm, of the tree, the mountain, the waterfall; gods everywhere and over and in everything.

Pulling a calendar from a drawer—it comes from a drawer and not the wall because the Japanese wall has but one picture on it, a picture which they change with the change of seasons—Machida studies it, then comments: "A good day. Great-peace-of-mind day. A very good day for planting." If it were Rabbit Day, for instance, Machida would not plant—for the word rabbit (usagi) starts with the same syllable as the word (urei) for sadness! Machida turns to his wife, "Where is that seed the crow picked?" This is the seed from one of several baskets they had laid out in the open some weeks before. Watching the baskets carefully and the coming of the crows, who are supposed to know the kind of weather lying ahead, they had seen the crows pick from this one. This one therefore was divinely selected for planting!

Now we all naturally find ourselves asking this question: How can this primitiveness of religion, this crass superstition go with Machida's reading of Julian Huxley and Sinclair Lewis, with his electric lights, his remarkable skill in farming, with his son's going to agricultural school? How could it do anything but make him less efficient, dull his mind, stand in the way of his use of science?

To answer this question we have to go still deeper into his religion. The background for most of his religious beliefs is the ancient Japanese mythology which he finds in the classics, the *Kojiki,* or History of Antiquity, published in 712 A. D., and the *Nihongi,* or Japanese Annals, completed in 720 A. D. In these books he finds the story of the creation of the islands of Japan, how in the very beginning hundreds of thousands of years ago everything was chaos, like an ocean of oil, how out of this chaos came something like the sprout of a reed, how this sprout proved to be the birth of Eternal-Ruling-Lord, the first of the gods, how from this came other gods, and, finally, the male deity, Izanagi, and the female deity, Izanami, who became husband and wife. Izanagi and Izanami, commanded by the swarms of celestial gods to go down to the earth and create things, descended by way of the great floating bridge, the Milky Way. As Izanagi groped his way through the thick gloom, he held his sword out before him, and on the tip of this sword drops of salt water coagulated. A drop of this salt water, falling from the sword, became a little island. On this islet, after the wind-god blew away the primeval gloom and haze, the two landed and began to beget children—children in the form of mountains, waterfalls, fields, trees, all the islands of the Japanese archipelago, and the lesser gods from whom the Japanese are descended. After giving birth to a fire god, Izanami died and then from Izanagi's left eye came the goddess whom the Japanese hold in highest reverence today, Ama-terasu, the beautiful and brilliant sun goddess. Later on it was her grandson, Ninigi, whom the gods decided to send to the earth to replace the incompetent son of the storm god, Susa-no-wo, and still later on, supposedly 2,600 years ago, it was Jimmu, son of Ninigi, Ama-terasu's great-grandson, who became the first emperor of Japan and who, as the military textbook, the *Army Reader,* reports, is said to have declared: "We shall build our Capital all over the world, and make the whole world our domain." He also declared when he saw Japan, "Luxuriant Reed-Plain Land of Fresh Rice Ears": "I think that this land will undoubtedly be suitable for the extension of the Heavenly task, so that its glory should fill the universe. It is, doubtless, the center of the world."

Here then we have a divine land, the *only* divine land; not created but begotten of the gods themselves; here is a divine emperor, a direct descendant of Amaterasu; and here also is a divine people, also begotten of the gods. And this is the belief that is being taught with greater emphasis than ever before in Japanese homes, and schools, and in the army—and what is more, they believe it; they believe it in spite of their science and their reading of Julian Huxley and Sinclair Lewis.

Such are the mythological notions that form the spiritual core of the power with which America is locked in mortal combat in the Pacific today. We would like to believe that their notions are nothing but puerile stuff, and that just because they are puerile stuff the Japanese military power must necessarily collapse with the inevitable collapse of the myths. We would like to believe that laughing at the myths, poking fun at them over radio beams would bring about their collapse. But that is not the way religious myths are collapsed. They collapse only when those who are clinging to the myths can find something better to cling to. Consequently the way to go after this kind of thing is to ascertain first of all why such a people as the Japanese cling to their myths and then to ascertain what we have to offer in their place.

To the educated Japanese, as J. W. T. Mason, one of the advocates of their religious-philosophical point of view, expresses it in his book, *The Meaning of Shinto,* these myths are the language of the subconscious. Intellectually, in other words, they may seem primitive and puerile, but actually they do express what the people subconsciously feel, and feel to be true. He quotes Freud, Bergson, Jung, and Sir James Jeans in support of his position. The Japanese again suggest that the truth of myths is confirmed by none other than the greatest of all philosophers, Aristotle, in his statement that the highest and most universal truths are found not in science or in history but in poetry and fiction,—fiction such as Homer's *Odyssey* with its imperishably human myths.

Take the Japanese belief, to be more specific, that the Japanese Archipelago is a divine land, divinely be-

gotten. This, of course, is merely the rankest of mythological belief. And the Japanese were well on the way toward getting away from it about fifty years ago. Then they were well on the way toward accepting the belief held by most of the rest of the civilized and industrialized world—the belief that nature was something to be exploited and despoiled. Cut off the forests as we in America have done in the upper Mississippi basin; cut off the forests, let the water wash the soil away and flood the bottom lands; cut off the forests indiscriminately and put the soil, no matter how sandy or unproductive, into subsistence marginal farming. Mine the land; let the corn and the wheat and potatoes eat up its fertility; let cattle and sheep strip its grasses; and then give the land over to the dust storms. Dump your garbage anywhere; put your billboards everywhere; place any kind of house or barn or factory building wherever convenient, without regard to the scenery. All this was getting nicely under way in Japan when it met with a subconscious revulsion—the same subconscious, but generally inarticulate revulsion all of us feel when billboards come between us and uplifting scenery or when we see vulgar and insensitive people littering public parks or beaches with newspapers and cans and paper plates. It all seemed so incongruous to the Japanese householder who was so accustomed to thinking of his exquisite little garden and the trees below and the mountain in the distance as part of his living room. That is why he does not place pictures on his walls. He just slides back the wall of his paper house and there he is, his living room is his garden; his garden and its view, his living room. It all seemed so incongruous to the Japanese housebuilder who, before erecting his house, so carefully took in the rocks and the falling water and the trees to get his house placed as if it were part of a well-composed picture. It all seemed so incongruous to the gardener who, as Willard Price observed time and again, would spend half an afternoon with the householder planting and replanting a shrub or a tree to get just the right aesthetic effect. And so when the commercial despoiler began to despoil nature, or the child recklessly tore a branch off a tree, there was a grave shaking of heads, and a reminder from deep in the subconscious that their land was a divine land, that it was the beautiful child of a beautiful goddess named Izanami and a handsome god named Izanagi, who descended to this world by way of the Bridge of Heaven to bring all this beauty into being.

The Japanese believe that they are a divine race. Here again this is merely the rankest of mythological belief. And at the end of the last century the Japanese were well on the way toward getting away from it. They were well on the way to accepting the idea that men instead of being divine in any sense are biological, economic men; that economic man has an insatiable appetite for all the things that are displayed in the windows of the department stores—always dissatisfied, always wanting to move from the smaller house into the larger, always from the cheaper car to the more expensive, always from the commoner school to the more exclusive, always from the nearby summer home to the castle in the foreign land. They were well on the way toward accepting the idea that progress is a matter of simply letting swarms of those soulless economic men and women, struggling so valiantly to keep up with the Joneses, compete freely with each other. They were well on the way also to the realization that in this competition many would be left behind, that millions would be left behind. The inevitable consequence was that these millions would become class conscious, that when enough of these millions became class conscious enough and hungry enough they would be led by their communist leaders into a revolution which would then give all the hungry have-nots all the nice things that the haves had been enjoying for so long.

All this was getting well under way in Japan by 1925; the land was rapidly being divided into haves and have-nots—hungry farmers and hungry city slum workers by the hundreds of thousands following communist leaders. Then came a subconscious revulsion against the idea of being merely economic men, against the idea of every Japanese pitted against every other and a nation divided in a life-and-death struggle for material goods. Surely this did not become them; surely they had something more dignified to live for! Certainly they were more than mere biological, economic men! Were their ancestors not right who taught that they were a divine people? And with the rise of this feeling came the decline of communism. Of 30,000 communist leaders arrested since 1925, there were left several years ago only 800 who had not recanted—and of these, at the rate they were recanting, it was expected that only about 200 would ever go on trial. This recantation was not brought about by torture or fear of imprisonment—it was merely the effect of this wave of religious-patriotic feeling.

The Japanese believe that their Emperor is the direct descendant of the sun goddess Ama-terasu. This again is the rankest of mythological superstition. And only a decade or two ago—what with their parliament and growing democracy—they were well on the way toward getting away from this belief. They were coming to look upon government, as most of the rest of the civilized world did, as a sort of handmaiden to business, as a means of keeping the economic life humming, of securing new markets abroad and of safeguarding them. It was assumed that if the government would merely do this, and let business develop as it would, let it boom along, keep the labor unions and farm unions well in hand, then the city slums would eventually take care of themselves, and the farm problem would eventually take care of itself. Then came the rise of communism that I have already suggested. The militant farmers and city workers listened to communist leaders who shouted that the government of Japan was not a government of the people, but merely a government of and by and for the powerful financial and industrial families; that their government was merely an instrument of repression and exploitation. Threatened with all this inner chaos, revolution, and disrespect of government the Japanese felt a deep inner revulsion and they opened their ears to the new patriots who fervently called them back to the ancient belief that the Japanese were really one great family, that it was wrong to be fighting among themselves, that the head of this family was their god-sent Emperor, that this Emperor was the only and true government. And so in 1935 old Professor Minobe, who for thirty years had taught that the Imperial Throne was the organ of the government, and whose idea was accepted in all law schools, was hauled into court, charged with *lèse majesté,* his books banned, shorn of office and publicly disgraced. "The Throne, far from being a part of the government, was over and above it, the su-

preme ruling authority, by right of divine descent from the Sun Goddess."

All this, of course, sounded good to the ears of the Japanese who were hurtling headlong into the sordid and horrible psychological divided-self suffering of class war; it seemed good to think of themselves as being members of one great family again. All for one; one for all. But what assurance did the common man have that the government was not going to remain the government of the powerful financial and industrial interests?

He was answered with the thought that the Japanese have a divine mission to perform, to establish the sovereignty of the Emperor over all the world, and that once this is established then the selfish and devilish nations will no longer be able to keep the Japanese poor and to squeeze them out of the world markets. "It is now most clear that the salvation of the entire human race is the mission of our Empire," wrote a Japanese leader. "If all the human race should come to look up to the virtue of our Emperor and live under that influence, then there would be light for the future of humanity. Thus the world can be saved from destruction. . . . Of a truth, great is the mission of our nation." "The body needs a head," wrote another. "The day is coming when they [the nations] will welcome the rule of our Emperor."

The divine instrument of the Emperor is the army. The army is made up largely of the Japanese farmer lads who have no love for the bankers and the industrialists of Japan, and whose loyalty therefore is to the Emperor and to the people as a whole. They are fanatically sincere. This is why the Japanese people have turned from the politicians of parliament to the officers and soldiers of the army. And it is the army which today is the government of Japan. "As the cherry is the best of flowers, the soldier is the best of men," so runs their proverb. The army, as the University students declared to Willard Price, is "the greatest spiritual force in Japan." "The men in service," an army officer told him, "firmly believe that they are duty bound to be the mainstay of the morality of the Japanese race." In the army the religion of the Japanese comes to its highest expression. The army is really the Church of Japan.

It was this faith in a divine land, a divine race, a divine Emperor, a divine destiny which Dr. Henry Leiper, of the World Council of Churches, saw in the badly wounded Japanese soldiers who had been brought into a building of his school in China. Soon after the school-hospital had been filled with wounded, he saw a Japanese officer consult with the doctors. A doctor then went to the beds of the more seriously wounded. He said to them: "You will be slow in recovering; your bed is needed for the less seriously wounded men who can be healed quickly and thrown back into action. It is the will of the Emperor that you commit suicide." They all obeyed the Emperor's will.

The answer to such belief and such faith is not ridicule. The answer is not merely the military might that must be used to bring their military machine to an abrupt halt and cause them to take thought. The only final answer is that there is something more dignified, more noble, more glorious than the Imperial head of the Japanese family to live for and to die for—that, as the lovable Kagawa, the greatest of the Japanese, insists and with his powerful and radiant personality illustrates, there is a larger family and brotherhood of man, and that one enters into this not by joining an Imperial army but only by taking to heart the gospel of forgiveness, of humility, and of love taught by that genius of Galilee—the gospel whose awful truth, whose awful power, whose awful urgency tragic events all over the world are now calling upon us to rediscover and to put into practice nationally, internationally, as well as individually.

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The Soul of India Speaks

Let England know, and all mankind,
  Whoever rules the waves,
That we will fight as freemen,
  But nevermore as slaves:
We will not wait for wars to end,
  To talk of freedom then;
Who deals with India today
  Deals not with slaves,—but men.

Too long have we been asked to live
  By alien lords' consent;
Too long Democracy has been
  What someone else has meant;
Too long, too long we pay the debts
  Our foreign masters owe;
Too long the white man asks a friend
  While he remains a foe.

Think you that we shall serve the less
  To set the whole world free,
When we have space to stand erect
  And our own masters be?
How shall a bondsman give his best
  To meet a master's dole?
Who holds his fellow man in chains
  Shall never have his soul.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

A Really Big Experiment?

LUCY G. MORGAN

Supreme intelligence and supreme love have been generally recognized as divine attributes. I have long been conscious of a divine sense of humor and have frequently read of other people who felt so. It is psychologically impossible to conceive of divine attributes except as the counterparts of traits at least rudimentarily developed in ourselves, and it is a bit conceited to think that we have any good trait that Divinity does not have! In the book "Job" we have what seems to be the story of a divine experiment, but until the laboratory method had become a human experience no one could picture the Divinity as using a laboratory. Only recently it occurred to me that *homo sapiens* was not original in developing the "scientific method" and an interest in controlled experimentation.

This thought came after hearing how, in a biological laboratory, there had been produced a distinctly new kind of chlorophyl that, so far as can be learned, had never been arrived at independently by any plant. This work was done by a scientist who, however brilliant, is yet only a human. If such as he can have devotion and skill for such work, why would it not be reasonable to conceive of the Divine Intelligence as experimenting to get new and desirably better types of *soul-stuff?* Such experimenting would naturally take eons of time and, to be worth while, should probably be conducted in something like a laboratory. Why is it not possible that this little bit of the Universe we call Earth is just such a laboratory, insignificant in all space but suitable and valuable for experimentation?

To me the idea is intriguing and seems to "make sense" better than some of the grand philosophies. Consider the rise and fall of civilizations. With all their similarities no two have been alike, and one can conceive of each one in turn as having gone far enough as an experiment to be considered "finished," that is, as having given all the data likely to be obtained from it. A prominent industrialist is quoted as saying that he could often learn as much from a so-called unsuccessful experiment as from a successful one. Such a "finished" civilization could be Peru or Mesopotamia or many another lost in the mists of antiquity with little left to show of it. Just so do human scientists clean up before starting another experiment for which they want to change some of the conditions. Seldom do they do a more thorough cleanup job than that described in the story of Noah and the Flood.

Some of our investigations prove valuable over long periods of time. Is it not likely that the Divine Experimenter has taken great satisfaction in watching some of his experiments that keep on being productive, such as that of the descendants of Abraham? Think of the soul-stuff this stock has turned out, especially in adversity—Moses, Isaiah, Hosea, Amos, Jesus, Spinoza, Einstein! The Chinese are another most interesting line, and he must be watching them now as keenly as we are.

Some stocks, such as the Eskimos, have been left all along in necessarily primitive conditions. Are they not an ideal "control" to which to compare more complicated cultures?

There are many life problems that can be viewed from a new angle with this laboratory idea in mind. For instance, does not a human experimenter dealing with white mice, allow them to live normally a while and then change conditions, so that an especially intelligent mouse might be imagined as wondering why he sometimes thought his will was "free" and at other times felt sure he was subject to "determinism"? It is often argued that, since astronomers have not found any indications of any other spot in the universe where conditions of temperature, moisture, and so forth, could make the existence of protoplasm possible, life is therefore just a queer chance happening on this tiny ball. Would it not be more reasonable to conceive of protoplasm as part of the laboratory conditions for making soul-stuff that elsewhere could exist without it?

A human scientist sometimes allows whole generations of plants or animals to multiply without interference, just here and there picking out an individual worthy of special study, often taking it entirely out of its old environment. Does not this remind us of some of the lovely intelligent children, or men "in their prime," who pass quickly on and of whom we say fondly "they were too good for this world"? Perhaps they were the specially desirable soul-stuff ready for a higher experiment; but some equally good material is left here as a "control."

A really saintly church official once admitted privately that it seemed likely to him that comparatively few souls were sufficiently developed to have become enduring entities. Most soul-stuff, he thought, would just go back to a general "bank," to be used over and over until a worth-while product was obtained. We get this idea vividly portrayed by Ibsen when the "Button-Molder" comes for the soul of Peer Gynt and tells him that since he has not developed any form worth saving, he will just be melted up and recast. Kipling, in *Tomlinson,* shows that poor failure cast out of both heaven and hell as unworthy of space in either.

> Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought, he said,
> and the tale is yet to run.
> By the worth of the body that once ye had
> give answer—what ha' ye *done?*

Transmigration, as believed in by many Hindus and Theosophists, would, it seems to me, be a very interesting field for divine experimentation.

One's imagination can run riot. Many people have wondered why Pierre Laval did not die of what appeared to be fatal wounds, and why Hitler got out of the Munich beer cellar just ahead of the explosion. Is it possible that their parts in a big experiment were not over, and human interference was not allowed to stop it before it was complete?

Anyone who has studied such things as the structure of the eye of vertebrates, or the marvellously intricate devices of nature to prevent self-pollination, has been puzzled as to how they could have been arrived at by chance. They seem logical, however, when considered part of a supremely intelligent experiment. A good many of us are quite sure that our cats and dogs and horses have real personality and possibly as much soul

as some people. They seem to belong to the experiment, as well as do apes, termites, bees, fruit flies, and all the rest.

This is frankly anthropomorphic, but how can our ideas help being so, since we are anthropos? However crude this conception, it makes more sense to me than the idea of an omniscient, omnipotent God just *amusing* himself, as pictured in Mark Twain's *Mysterious Stranger*. To feel oneself part of a great divine experiment conducted by a God who is not all finished himself, but seems to need even our puny help, makes it seem worth while to suffer and to be frustrated and lonely, if by so suffering we can help develop a good soul-stuff "bank" that is needed by the Universe. To misquote Margaret Fuller, "we hope the Universe will accept us."

The Human Side of Social Service

ETHEL S. BEER

Today social service is a way to earn a living. It employs a great many men and women. But although it is a job, it is more than this because it deals with people in distress. To cope with human troubles successfully demands an understanding attitude. The social worker should have this first and foremost. Otherwise training is of little avail. The crux of the matter is that the personnel of social service must be carefully selected in order to help the underprivileged. Obviously this is its aim.

In the last analysis social service is faced with situations which occur in all walks of life. The problems of the rich and the poor resemble one another. The spoilt child may be the result of too much waiting on by servants or by members of the family. In either case the child is a nuisance and can develop into a maladjusted adult. The grown daughter who craves marriage as an escape from home may be of any class. She may want independence from family supervision. Or it may be that a household of her own tempts her and this seems the only way to get it. Friction between couples is not confined to one stratum of society. Divorce and separation are fairly common in all today. It is the economic level, not the circumstances, that makes the difference. Social service intervenes only when there is a lack of cash.

It is important, then, for the social worker to think of each individual as up against difficulties that might be encountered in any group. Mollie from the crowded tenement longs for pretty clothes and fun just as other girls do. Or she may be serious and want a career although the family finances are meagre. Ambition cannot be curbed by a flat pocketbook, in fact this may stimulate it. Tommy's father is a hard-working plumber. But Tommy wants to go to college just the same. Youth demands its chance no matter what the circumstances. And the social worker cannot consider this blameworthy.

On the other hand the parents' plight has to be recognized. It hurts the poor as well as the rich mother when her children grow away. The father, in a small business or a big one, may be grieved that none of his sons will follow in his footsteps. The point is that the social worker must be able to view both sides of every question. Always, too, tolerance for the wrongdoer, young or old, is essential. Not that this means condoning his acts. Human weakness must be accepted as the expected thing. For who can always be sure of exemplary conduct?

Nevertheless the social worker's feelings must not run riot. There are times for acts which seem harsh. For instance, it may be better for a child to take it away from home. But the mother may not be willing. The social worker has to weigh values and then try to do what apparently is best. If separation of mother and child looks like the wisest solution, then every effort should be made to accomplish this. Once a decision is reached, the social worker must stand firm. Obviously this requires an objective point of view. Training helps to develop it. For freedom of choice is not always possible, ideal as it may sound. If an old lady lives alone and is neglected, yet hesitates to go to an Old People's Home, the persuasion of the social worker is a kindness. While theoretically this may not be the correct method, practically it is the only thing to do. Also, a person coming for advice because he or she cannot decide, wants a positive answer. When judgment is clouded by emotional factors, the help of an outsider is a blessing. Nor is the social worker who stands her ground unpopular, provided fairness rules. On the contrary she wins respect.

If there is aptitude, doubtless social service training is an asset. To have one's intimate affairs pried into is, to say the least, irksome. The social worker needs a great deal of tact to avoid causing antagonism. Unfortunately training does not develop this quality. Nor will it always overcome insolence and aloofness—both inexcusable traits in dealing with unfortunate families. To be wise and still sympathetic with such people is a real talent. But like every other gift, it must be nurtured to reach its full usefulness. Training is needed in social service as in the creative arts. Only first the high type of worker with warmth and intelligence must be attracted. An understanding of human nature and compassion for the downtrodden are essential attributes. The real problem of social service today is how to find the right personnel. There are individuals with the desired qualifications, but not all are in social service.

Miss Green, a teacher, is an example. She is vitally interested in her pupils. She often goes beyond her classroom duties. When Sally's mother is sick she listens to her story. When Maria tells her how afraid she is to go to the hospital, she takes her and her mother out for breakfast beforehand. This exciting treat sends Maria off with an easier mind. Teacher has given a pleasant touch to an ordeal. Is this not social service?

The same is true about Miss Smith, an important executive in a business firm. She is always ready to hear the confidences of the young men in her office. Besides, to encourage their thrift, she keeps their savings for them. Does she feel that she is doing them

a favor? Not at all. Her response to praise is: "Don't you think I'm flattered to receive so much attention from these young men?" Perhaps! Nevertheless she is helping them by her thoughtfulness.

Once in search of a small boy up for adoption, I visited a home for children kept by two sisters. Their story was that they had started to take boarders. Gradually they specialized in children. Some were paid for, others not. For they would never put a child out when the fee stopped. Nor did they lose track of those placed if they could help it. These were the bald facts. Under the surface there was much more. For instance, from their own slender means they provided tasteful clothes for each boy and girl. And in the case of one boy who was unhappy in a boarding school where his guardian had sent him, the older sister applied for his custody, foregoing the allowance paid for him up to then. Several of these children grew up in this home, and one of the girls—a waif—inherited something when the older sister died. Such is the essence of social service. Yet who would call these sisters, and the other women described, social workers? This is the tragedy!

To put it crudely, a degree from a recognized social service school does not make a good social worker. Social service should try to ferret out worth-while material and not trust to training alone. From other professions, particularly those closely allied, the cream should be picked. A trained nurse may make an excellent social worker, particularly in the medical line. With some extra courses, her preparation should be adequate. But the tendency today is to replace her by the graduate of a social service school, who has the theoretical knowledge without the practical experience. Can social service afford to lose promising young people from other fields? Is it a step backwards to allow for flexibility in training according to individual qualifications and personality?

Briefly, then, social service must be selective about its staff. Training alone will not produce the right approach to suffering. Sensitiveness to others is innate. Healing the ills of mankind demands a certain type of character, otherwise they are accentuated. Today the entire world is in a turmoil. Intolerance and tyranny are fighting hard to rule supreme. The battle for freedom and democracy is a battle to salvage the best in our civilization. In this fight social service has a distinct role. Families split by war need its solace, soldiers and sailors need its comfort. When peace comes, social service must have a part, too, because the readjustment will be hard. It is this human side of social service that makes it more than a job. It is a profession which humanizes the social worker and fulfills the ideals of all humanitarians in practical deeds when the social worker is adequate to the task.

The Star Still Shines

Though men may blunder here below,
  The lamp of love still shines;
It sheds a pale but hopeful glow
  On distant battle lines.

Though bitter pain may sear the soul,
  While countless thousands fall,
Though waves of sorrow sweep and roll,
  We have not lost our all.

Though worlds may waver from the right,
  And blindly wander far,
Love will again dispel the night,
  Still shines the Christmas star.

PEARL E. BROWN.

Correspondence

Reply to Rachel Sady

To UNITY:

I am delighted to note Rachel Reese Sady's thoughtful reply, in the November issue of UNITY, to my article on "Our Forward-Looking Indians." I agree with much that she says. The truth is that we are thinking of two entirely different groups. She evidently knows best the conservative and largely full-blooded Southwestern tribes, isolated desert dwellers still inadequately reached by modern influences. I am thinking primarily of the voting, English-speaking Sioux, Chippewas, and so forth, of much-mixed ancestry, many of whose children attend the regular public schools. She refers to persons brought up in the Zuni or other archaic culture, without sufficient opportunity to bridge the gap separating it from the modern era. Obviously, such individuals and groups still need a certain amount of protection and preparation. I did not question the interest and value of their arts and crafts. I do oppose their introduction among the Sioux, to whom they are not indigenous at all.

About sixty years ago, it was officially determined by our government, after prolonged study and debate, to educate *all* our native Indians for independent self-support and full United States citizenship. Yet only a small minority actually received the necessary training! Many thousands have attained the desired goal—to which your correspondent does not object—but an even larger number have defaulted by reason of insufficient schooling (or none at all), inconsistent management, and policies tending to indefinitely continued segregation and bureaucratic control. Especially in the Southwest the process appears to have been needlessly delayed by these factors, even more than by their natural conservatism. Today, an intelligent and gifted people are seriously handicapped by their general inability to speak our language, and, although United States citizens subject to the draft for military service, are not permitted to exercise the right of suffrage.

As we all know, the Indian Bureau could not, even if it desired to do so, "force" persons of some Indian blood to live on Indian reservations, to cling to Indian cultures, or to mate with men and women of aboriginal descent. What it does do, however, particularly under the present administration, is to count them all as "Indian wards," deliberately emphasizing the "foreignness" of a very few as if it were characteristic of the third of a million or so "legal Indians." May I suggest that your correspondent and any of your readers interested in this discussion read *The Changing Indian*, a recent symposium edited by Oliver La Farge, especially the paper by Dr. Shapiro; *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, by Loring Benson Priest, or my review of the same in the *American Historical Review; Pratt, The Red Man's Moses;* and my letter in the November *Atlantic Monthly*. I have worked with, or in intimate knowledge of, Indians and the Indian Service for almost the full sixty years since fundamental reforms were seriously undertaken by our government, and keep in close touch with all new developments.

Northampton, Mass. ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.